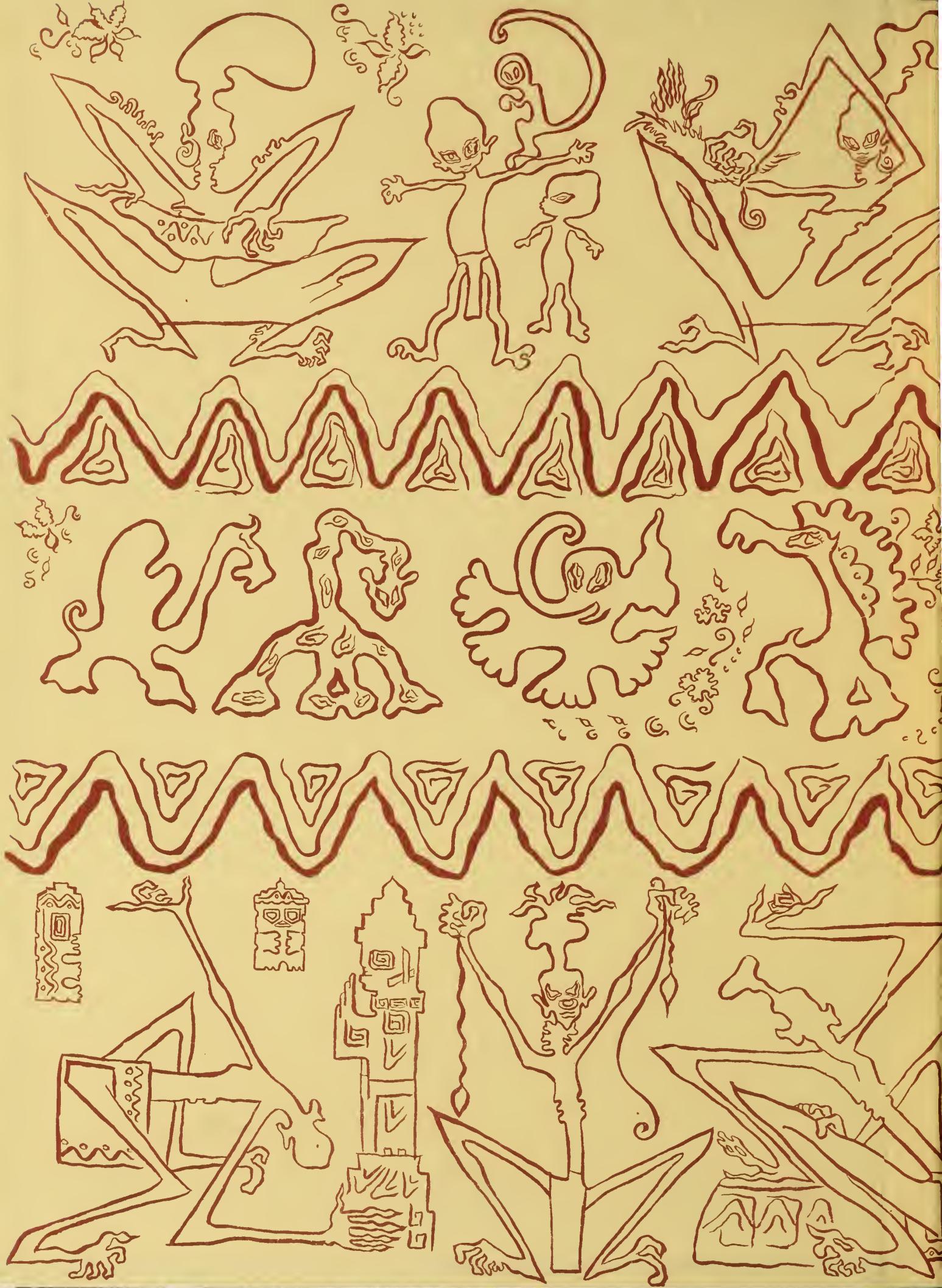
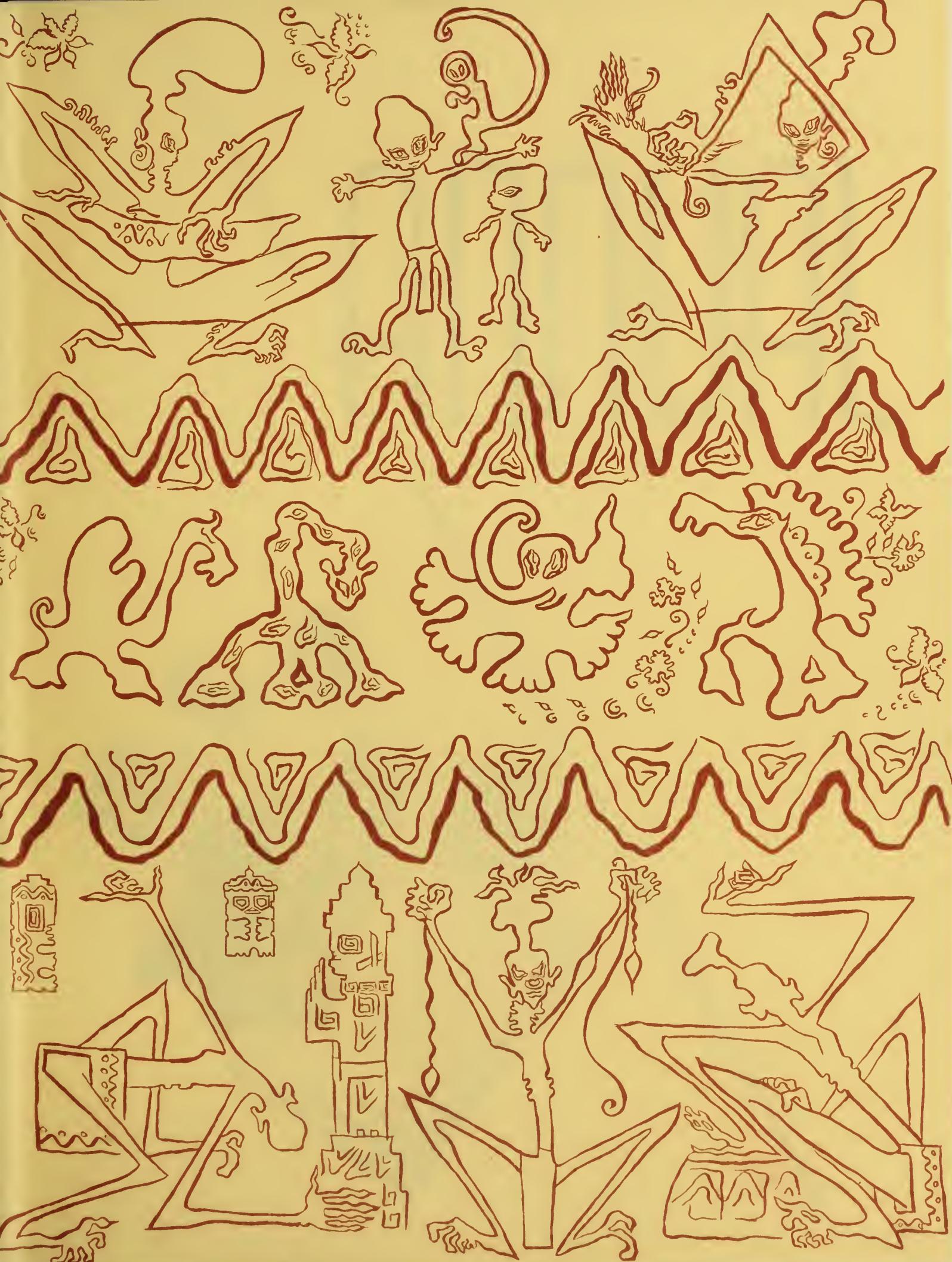
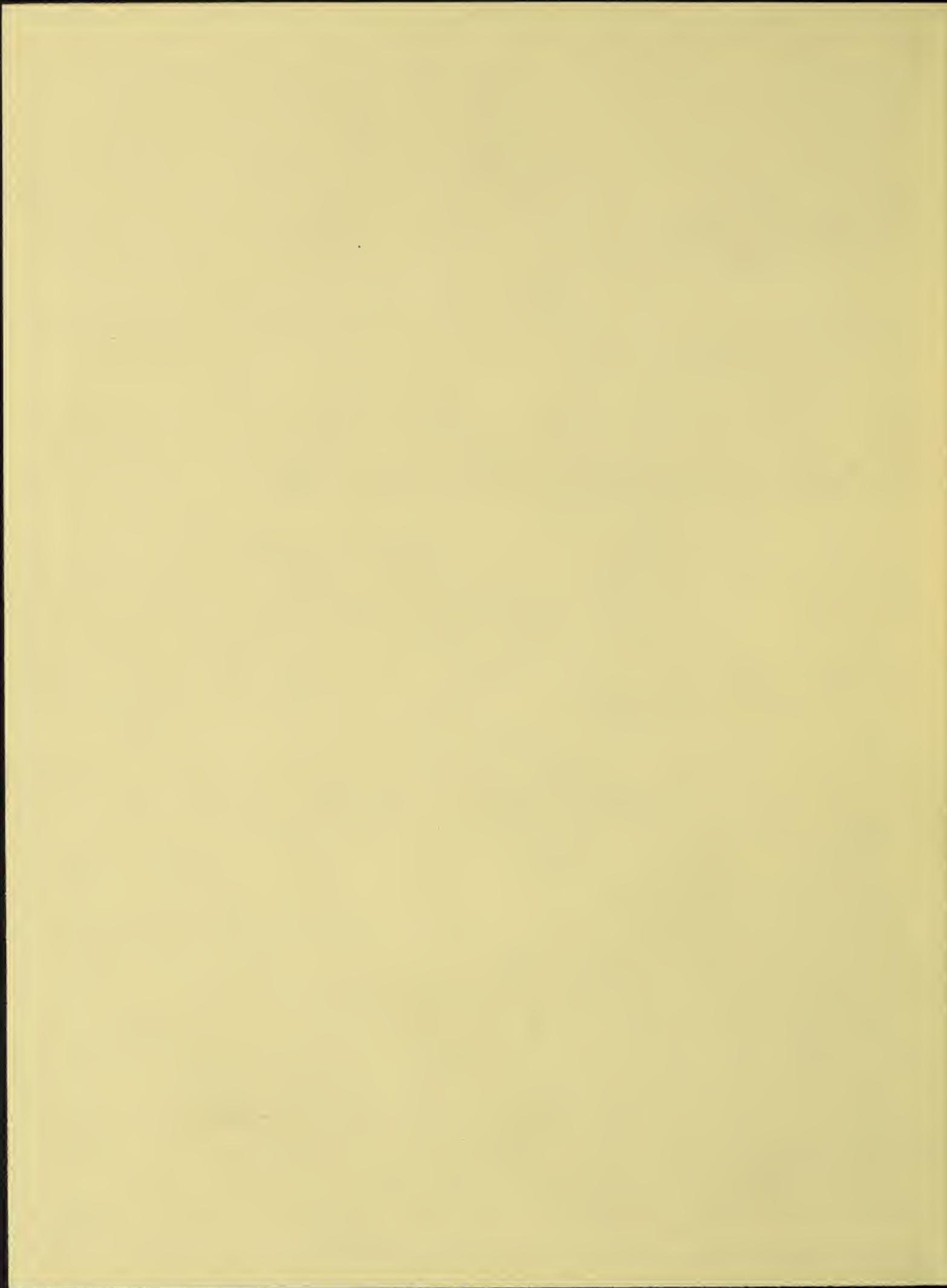


annual
1946

MASSACHUSETTS
SCHOOL OF ART







ANNUAL

m.s.a.

1946





Foreword

Once again our nation has been highly instrumental in ending a World conflict. We have witnessed in this nation a material contribution and an organizational unity which have far surpassed our most complete imaginations.

One element of special interest to you and to me is the demonstration, during the War, of the intrinsic value of art or the use of visual methods in communicating ideas. Greater knowledge has been given to more people and an understanding of a more complete range of subjects has been made possible through techniques such as motion pictures, photography, mechanical and exploded drawings, paintings of the fine art category and even comic strips. We are a part of a visual minded generation.

Now, as never before, social economical problems are challenging American ingenuity, education, industry and democracy. The visual techniques and art stimulation growing out of our War experiences can continue and be highly instrumental in solving our many problems.

The Administration and the Faculty of the Massachusetts School of Art are fully cognizant of the challenges which lie ahead. Our service to you has been and will continue to be the outgrowth of a desire to provide the best possible training.

Gordon L. Reynolds.

DEDICATION

For four years you have been together here, as a unit, able, through the strength of your numbers, to face, bravely and confidently, the world's attitude toward art. Now you are to go out individually to face that same attitude, and you will miss, somewhat, that strength of numbers, for it is inevitable, that, sooner or later, you will stumble over that always existing, serious obstacle known under its own loudly proclaimed identification as the "practical man." You will find that this practical man will pop out at you in many circumstances to insist that this is his world and that you are in it only through sufferance.

In adjusting yourself to this situation you must be careful not to do two things; you must not allow yourself to be overwhelmed by his arguments, so as to lose sight of your objectives and you must not shrink from all contact with him and retire to sulk in an ivory tower. The practical man can get along without you, you cannot get along without him, yet to a large extent his destiny is in your hand. Because this sounds paradoxical I would like to make it clear.

If we could isolate a group of practical men and insulate them completely from art and all influence of art and return in something like a thousand years to see how they fared, we would find that they had survived, but were doomed to a static existence under a relentless dictatorship of unimaginative day by day necessities. And if we could, then, suddenly reinstate the influence of art into that group, so that here a man would start to dream a little, and there one would lift his head in song and another to write poetry and still another put on canvas the mystery of the light in the sky and on the earth about him and catch something of the spirit of longing and wonderment in his fellow's faces; then the quality of living would start to bubble up and imagination would range ahead to point out possibilities for the practical man to develop.

But lest the knowledge of this power impress you overmuch with the sense of your own importance, remember, that if you reversed the experiment; that is, isolated a group of artists from all contact with

the practical man, and went back in something less than a thousand years, you would fail to find them — they would be extinct. So much does actual living depend upon practicality.

The practical man is both your friend and your enemy and you must learn to realize his importance to you and that his very indifference and antagonism make an abrasive upon which to keep your sensitivities keen. It requires a certain roughness to produce a refined surface.

And yet for your own peace of mind you must be able to answer his taunts as to the futility of art; not so much to refute his arguments as to keep your own resolutions clear. It is true, indeed, that in times of impending catastrophe — such as war — people seem to turn away from art but it is also true that they turn toward the things which have been fostered by art. Is patriotism, for instance a practical thing? How was it built up, if not by song and story and pictured symbols into a powerful and moving force which leads men to perform beyond their common habits. It is true, again, that the birth rate of great artists is extremely low, but it is equally true that the mortality rate of great art is much lower. For somehow the world has learned to protect its masterpieces and in times of war displays the utmost concern and consideration as to their safekeeping because men know that art contains the ingredients of civilization, so that, if all else is destroyed, in these pictures, all compact, are contained nobility of statement, breadth of vision, elements of law and order with which to build anew.

Let he who will, cry "impractical" at the artist. We accept the term. No doubt art is impractical, but it works on practical things, shaping and nourishing them, as water does the land, and the question is not which is the more important — the practical or the impractical — the water or the land — but how weak either one would be without the other — and how dreary.

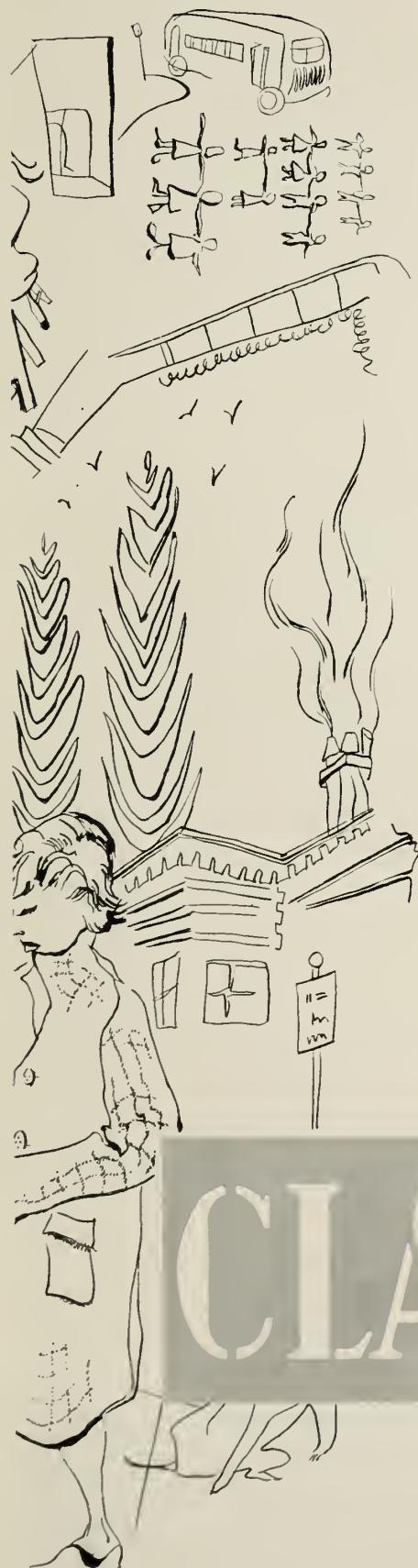
Without the practical man the artist would be helpless, but without the artist the world would be hopeless.

Otis Phibbs



Cincinnatus, relinquishing the duties of acting President to turn again to his teaching . . . white-haired with a benign look and a glinting wit . . . deceptively soft spoken, his words are sometimes edged . . . tolerant and sapient, philosophic always and wide-minded, he administers encouragement and sympathy, or a goad to spur, in just the right dosage. He expends time and attention on each one of us as though our innumerable difficulties were of consequence. His is a remarkable otherness. In the different world into which we will soon be assimilated we will remember Mr. Philbrick saying that art is not distilled from art, that ugliness is essential for balance, and that life, even as it is, is good.





Have you ever lain awake on a late February night when a thaw has come suddenly?

There is a promise of rain. Outside, the leaf-mold is deep, and damp to its very core, and in the shells of foot prints pressed into the mud, the leaves are black and oily. Everything sweats. Tipped against the street light, tree branches raise a mesh, rosy where the buds hide dormant. The world around is a sponge saturated to its limit. It oozes, it bubbles. The soft crackle of expanding, bursting moisture breathes in at your window.

Down below, the street is a broken mirror dropped beside the salt marsh. Behind its fence the meadow lies waiting in the night. Then a car rackets along from town, over the brow of the hill and past the dark blot of the sea and the land.

As that car shatters the peace of the meadow, so concern shatters the eternal waiting within, rattling brash and noisy down your mind. Like that car, it is as soon and as simply gone. You are tied to the world inescapably, but just at this moment time is nothing. There are no train tickets, collected each day, chopped four times and stuck in the back of the next seat, visible reminder that another day of your last year is gone. No more two-day packs of cigarettes that refuse to stretch to a week and make bearable life on the allowance plan.

No, no time. Instead the dateless memories that are a habit in your life come back — they seem to have had no beginning and should have no end.

You think of the secrets told to seven or eight individually, you laugh at how the elements of the class dispose themselves on any subject, you squirm at the balance between work done and undone.

Then you remember the warm black glue of etching ink and the unholly smell of egg-oil-emulsion tempera, the acid stains, ink smears, and stiffened dungarees. The mess of it followed by the blessed cleanliness should never end. Tonight they won't, so you roll over and sleep.

LYDIA MONGAN

CLASS OF '46

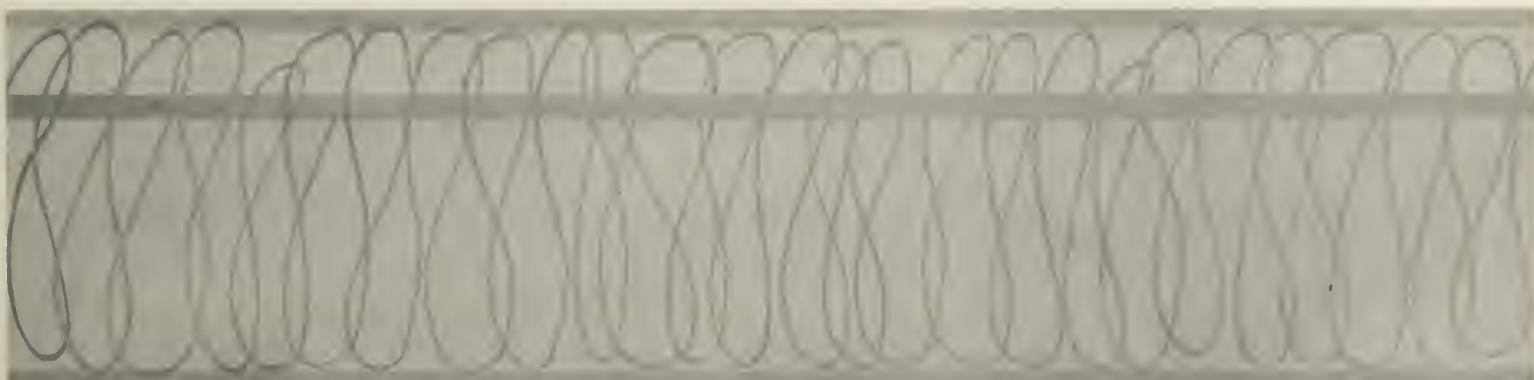
President	Margaret Oberti
Vice-President	Sally Brine
Secretary	Helen Hatzilambrou
Treasurer	Eleanor O'Shea



DRAWING Painting

Banded together by a brace of easels, the D.P.'s brandish their palette knives (apologies to Irving) with erring skill, sometimes brought to rein only by Mr. Philbrick's quizzical expression or well-chosen quip. They sit and stand pale but strong, shadowed behind the bizarre of their own canvasses. If painting has a double entendre, they achieve it, for conversation pieces and color effect are running mates, perhaps to the sacrifice of the latter after a week end. They help each other, like each other and shout each other down . . . 'til at an impasse. They are a class of sorts. As to the future, no overstatement — anything can happen!

Nancy Noyes





• Eleanor O'Shea
With a voice like silk
jersey . . . delicately
and in well seasoned
femininity she strolls,
paints and chats.



• Dorothy Bellefleur
The girl with the El
Greco face and the
key to the School
Store. Who else
could look saintly
passing out strontium
yellow chromate?



• Eiko Matsubara
Diminutive and re-
strained, she still is so
adept at the spoken word
she will never let the
D.P.'s. R.I.P. Eiko and Dot
share a genuine enthusi-
asm for Music particu-
larized in Chopin.





• Robert Stevenson

Stevie disentangles his legs to stand 6' . . . a tall thin bottle of dry, dry ale with a burnt orange head . . . earnest, aware, with finely pointed sensibilities and a wit properly unprim . . . the power behind the D.P.'s. and the only male in the class (B.Z., that is) . . . and may we say—a painter.



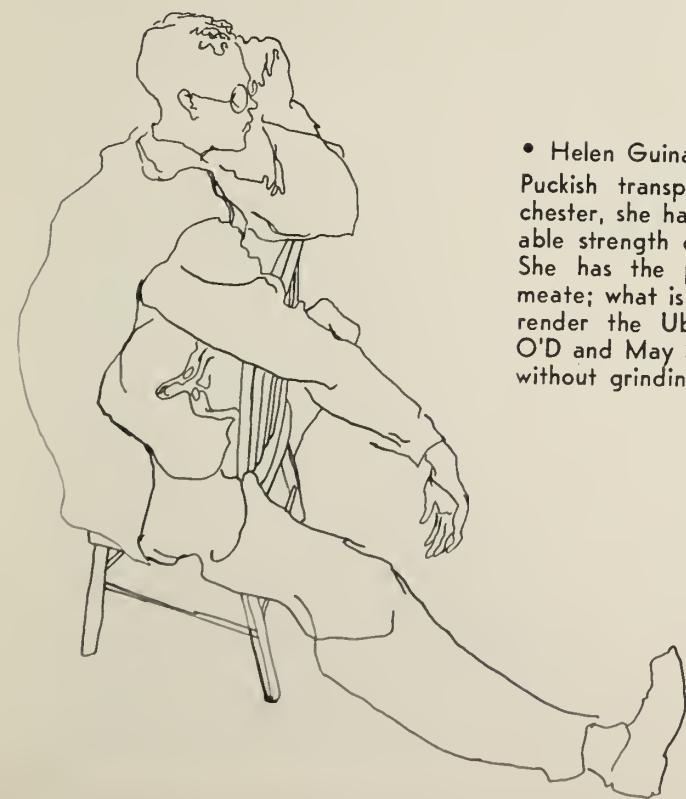
• Barbara Phelps

A woman apart who has always been and will be her own self magnificently. Without fanfare, Barb makes comment on the subject at hand, never failing to be worthwhile.



• Ruth Fitzgerald

She is bisector par excellence of the human physiognomy. However, that is only an idiosyncracy of Ruth's when she makes one of her beautifully polished drawings.



• Helen Guinan

Puckish transplant from Rochester, she has the unbelievable strength of an ivy vine. She has the power to permeate; what is more, she can render the Ubangi (female), O'D and May Stevens in turn without grinding her gears.





• Lydia Mongan

Charm and poise and grace . . . deft line and subtle color . . . equipped with an incomparable parlor trick, she squeezes her mobile features into a lemon-face . . . liquid, laughing and sympathetic . . . these are Lydia.



• Irving Zusman

Strong, silent, studious, serious, solid . . . but Oh you kid!



• Mary Resnick

Tall, with a beautiful face behind blue - rimmed glasses — friendly, sensitive, modest without reason . . . unerring instinct for color . . . watercolors that we all can feel, but only Mary can paint . . . and that red, red beanie.



• Elizabeth Sanborn

Well balanced . . . Like any woman she works hard to hide her efficient, capable and practical sides . . . thus showing real intelligence! The dodecahedron personality, she is a happy, healthy houri.



• Nancy Noyes
Hamburger and onions
sautéed in perfume at the
Oxford Street Apartment
. . . the waveringly sung
love ballads that reduced
us to howling wrecks . . .
then the clothes, the de-
signs, the fantastic, trem-
ulous line drawings.



• May Stevens
Wittingly charming, candid,
complex; listen to her talk —
for two or three years — and
you will know the girl.



• Constance Durland
Volatile, dark, warm
and yet a terrific
technician . . . such
an amazing way to
strike a balance . . .
Kitten with the claws
. . . what will she be
when she grows up?
Hey Crunk?

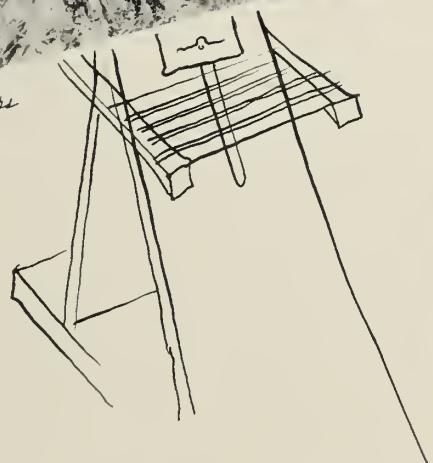


For example -





Barbara Helpe



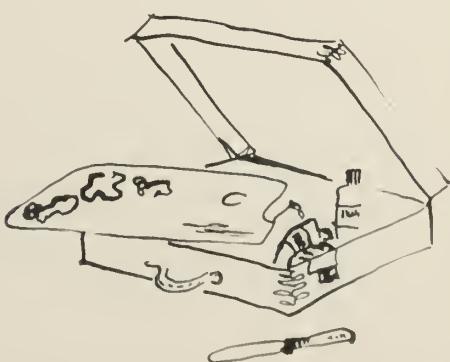
lunqjuman



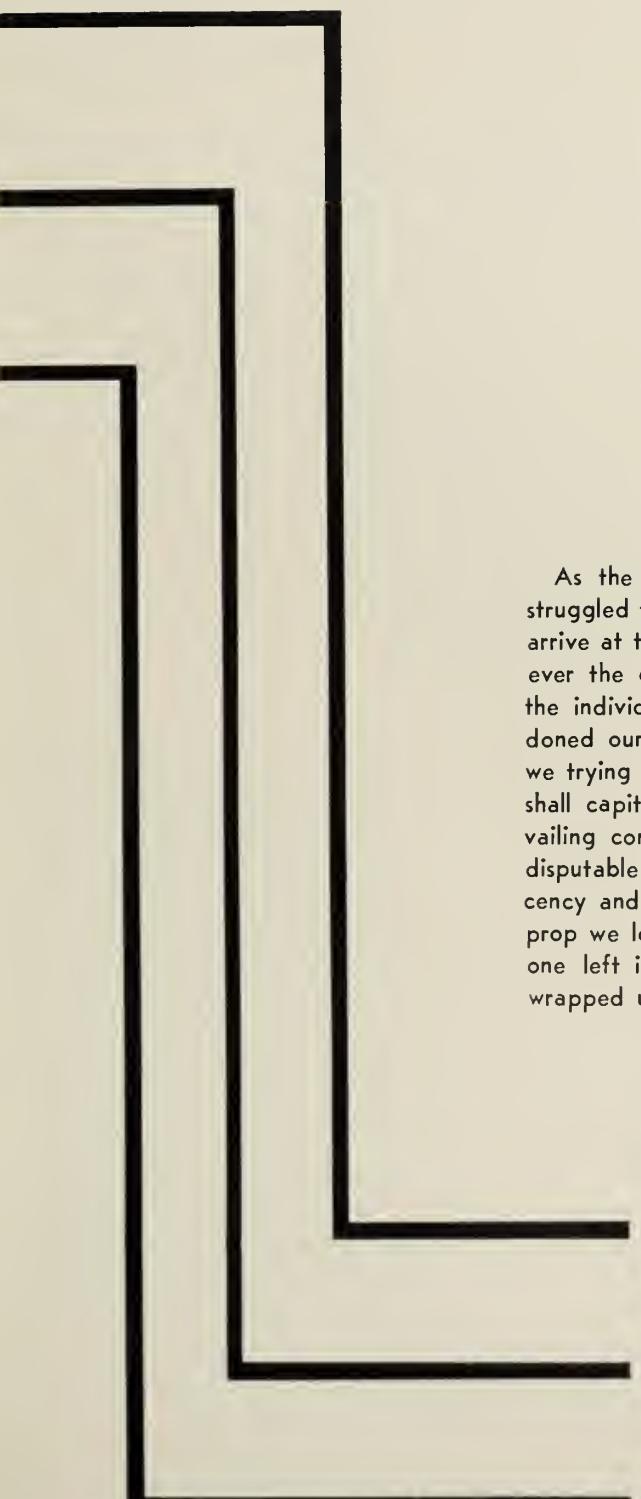
Lydie Mongan



N. Noyes



general
design



As the wheel goes round so we go. We've struggled to evolve completely and having done so, arrive at the beginning once more. This time however the goal is not a diploma. What it is, only the individual may say. We've reluctantly abandoned our delusions of grandeur. No longer are we trying to reform the public's taste. Instead we shall capitalize upon it as we compete with prevailing conditions. Realists, yes—cynics, no. Indisputable facts have barged in on our complacency and left us with one leg to stand on. The prop we lost was one of starry-eyed idealism. The one left is made up of practical skills and ideas wrapped up in four ply Strathmore.

Rozzi Strong

nineteen forty
six



• Nancy McKenna

Smart ideas and practical skills go hand in hand with a pair of smiling blue eyes and a sense of humor to match . . . a friendly grin and an infectious laugh and an insatiable taste for a cup of coffee at rest period . . . which combination makes our gal Nancy.



• Rosamond Strong

Harlequin glasses . . . bangs . . . "the Voice" plus dramatic verve. Expounder of "Kittry Pint" and lover of singing commercials which come forth at VERY odd moments! Keen mind . . . literature . . . music, especially Gilbert and Sullivan . . . a rare and wonderful gal.

• André Paquette

Andy's quite a guy . . . he likes coffee, and he likes his airbrush and he likes his women and we like him. He knows the art racket through and through. Self - confidence without conceit . . . independent and as hard as nails . . . tries to cover up a kind heart.





• Mary McCabe

Vivaciousness, emphasized by a pert nose, curly black hair and a tongue that moves with rapid-fire speed. Willing doer of any odd job . . . sympathetic and helpful.



• Marion Donovan

Self possessed and reserved young lady one minute . . . a silly child with an Irish humor the next . . . Feets is an interesting paradox . . . serious and sedate—yet gay and trifling . . . she likes coffee, too.

• Jean Brooks

Ouija boards, astrology and spiritual goings on, a gay good morning and spontaneous dance steps . . . terrific designs passed in with an apologetic remark, and . . . let's have a cigarette . . . all add up to Beanie who is an enigmatic sprite.

• Marion Mentz

Well groomed . . . poised possessor of an unerring sense of taste touched with the exotic . . . able to laugh at herself and appreciate others—lucky Marion.





• Dorothy Deane

Dotty's New England soul and artist's heart make an unbeatable partnership, and she uses them to good advantage in producing designs subtly modern with a traditional technique. Like the Ipswich clams from her home town, she is unpretentious and quiet on the surface, with a salty wit and wisdom when she opens up at unexpected moments.



• Marie Lynn

Calm, cool, collected . . . belied by "Let's do something exciting" drawled in a voice slow and smooth as molasses . . . tiny waist, thick glossy hair, and big baggy pocketbooks—originals of course . . . Add a touch of whimsy and you have Marie.



• Margery Luty

Here's our sophisticate from Harper's Bazaar with a flair for Chinese dragons and Chinese fashions, and a knack of always knowing the right comeback. She's a connoisseur of the U. S. Marine Corps and can wield an effective line, both in drawing and otherwise.





• Marilyn Werby

We've formed the "I Appreciate Wormy" club in recognition of her biting sarcasm, frankness and good humor . . . her sophisticated Madonna face, and her work often witty, often otherwise, but always original.

• Charles Walkup

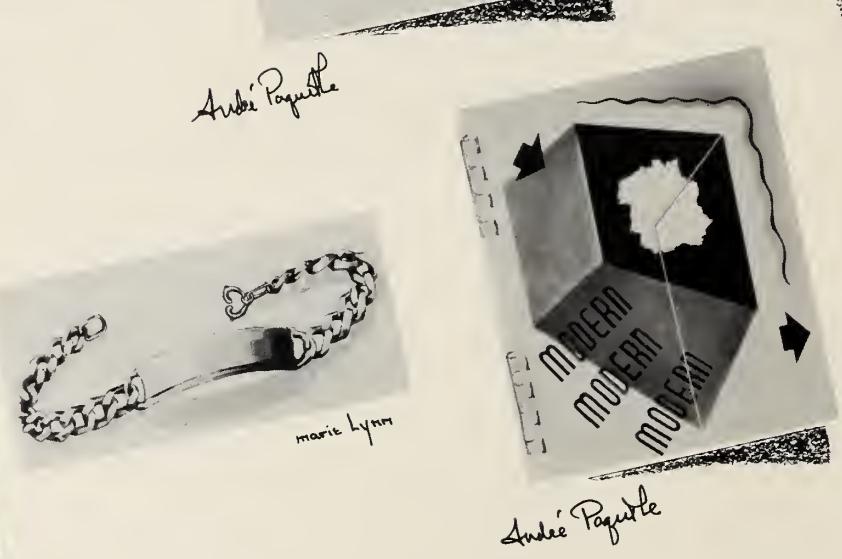
Charlie started brightening our formerly strickly feminine class in September, and has been doing it ever since. One man song and dance team . . . unique way of putting words to-gether.



• Gloria Levaggi

Never without earrings or her quick wit that creeps in at odd moments . . . or that something that somebody else always forgets . . . or that snack at rest period. Gloria is a hard worker and a loyal friend.

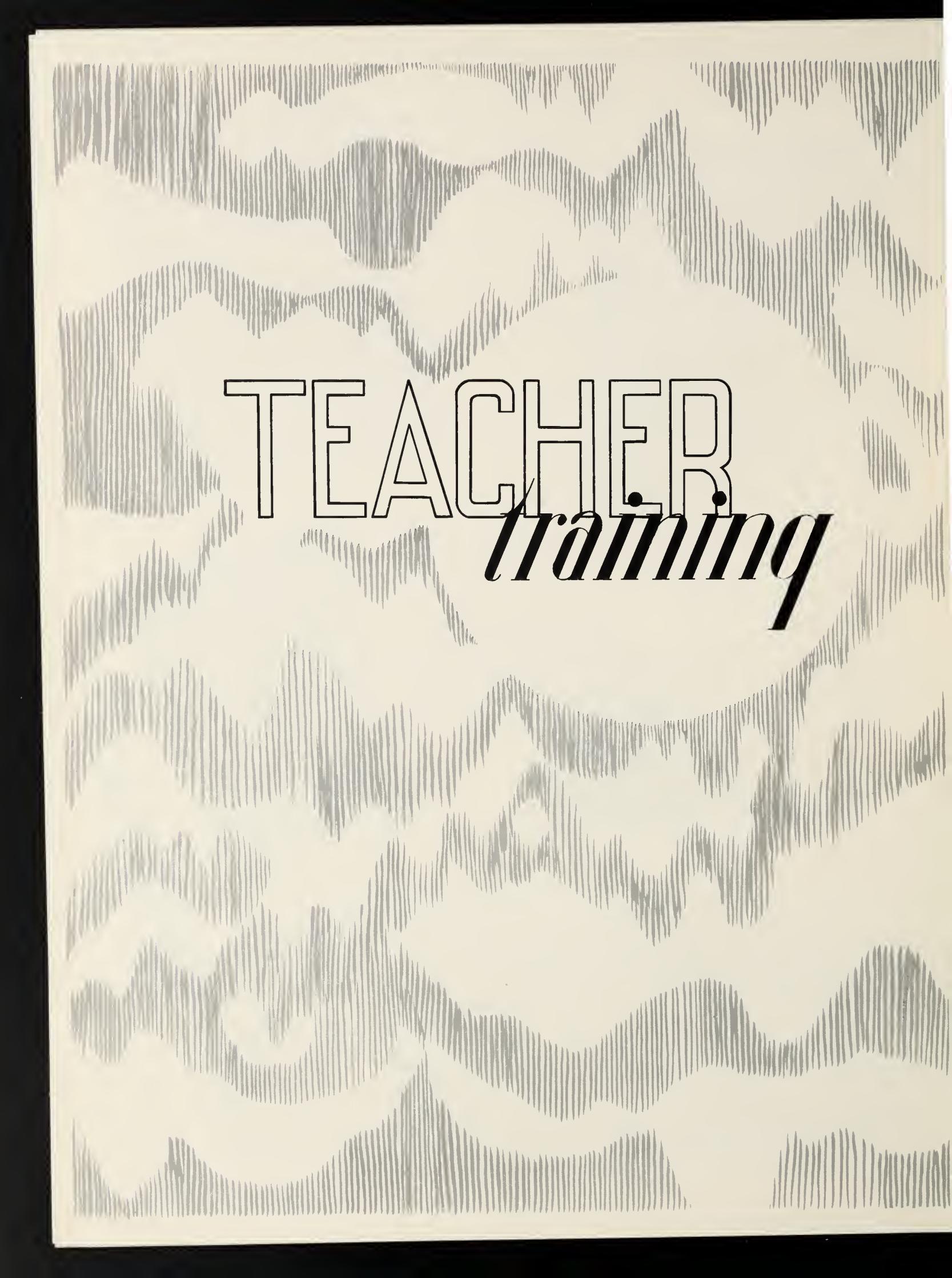




A Shiny



at two



TEACHER *training*

nineteen *forty* *six*

Into our hands have passed the reins—to us has been entrusted the guidance of the youth of today—the future citizens of tomorrow. It is our responsibility to develop in them the power to express their lives more fully, more richly. It is our responsibility to awaken in them the ideals, spirit, aspirations, giving significance and purpose to their being. To us has been given the privilege and honor of working with that material more precious than gold—the human personality. Aristotle has said: "Those who teach well are more to be honored than even their parents, for these only give life, those the art of living well." This is our trust. We are proud—we are grateful.

To our teachers who have equipped us for this task we are deeply indebted. Their words and philosophies will be our guideposts in our walk through life.

Florinda Conforti



• Barbara Chase

The indefinable something that adds lustre to a sparkling personality . . . talented, versatile, modern as a Pall Mall . . . soul of a poet . . . President of the Student Association . . . our All-American Girl . . . Bobi is one of our favorite people.



• Jim Kearney

Serious painter and lover of the FINE arts (Paul Klee, Jim?) . . . our giant Casanova himself . . . man of brawn and owner of Seven League Foots.

• Dorothy Nelson

Household furnishings . . . Dick . . . menus . . . oh, yes, and school make up the conversational trends of this recently married girl of Scandinavian heritage. She haunts A6 and does her lesson plans on the side . . . rare remarks on anything in general.





• David Berger

Manager of the School Store and Info
Man on artists' materials . . . subtle
humor, but that RED wall, Dave! Earn-
est endeavors in the field of painting
. . . life saver of the Senior T. T.'s.

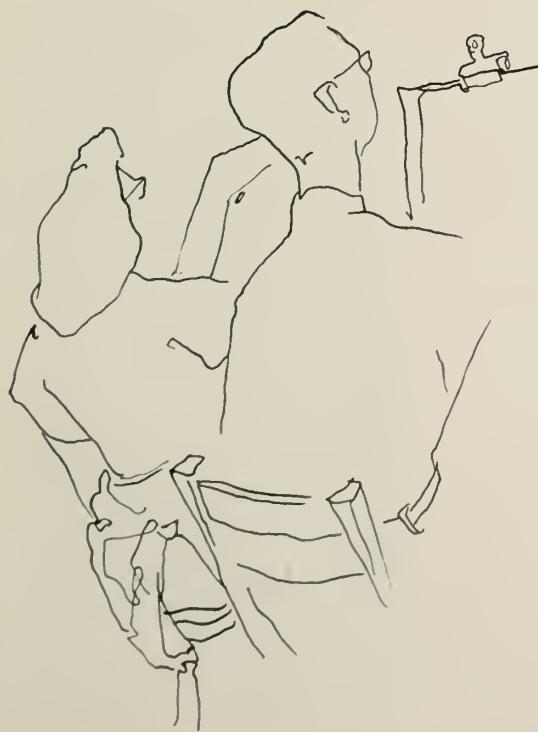


• Margaret Oberti

Our Class President.

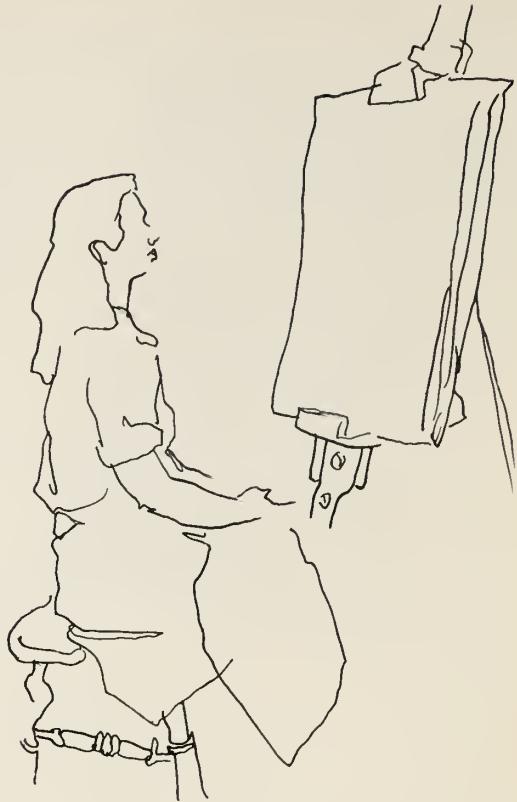
"She leads, not shouting her
powers

But in a calm, purposeful way
Quietly directs and leads, as dawn
the coming day."





• Carmen Clemente
6 ft. 2" . . . eyes of blue . . .
that is when they are open
. . . Carmen floated through
approximately twenty years at
Mass. Art, and finally ended
up in the class of '46. We
were glad to have him.



• Betty McCrealy
Quiet in a gentle way,
Her work is always done.
Her manner calm, her laugh-
ter gay,
She's steady as the sun.



• Florinda Conforti
She's small, she's pert,
She's quiet but alert—
Another Teacher Trainer.
Florinda of the deep
brown eyes
Looking at our world —
weary wise.



• Carol Peeling
Clothes, clothes, and MORE clothes,
just "whipped up last night!" Electric
personality carried out by the
clatter of those high heels. "Where
are you going NOW?"



• Helen Hatzilambrou

Pocket-book edition, bound in chartreuse and blu-grey, she looks at the world thru rose-rimmed glasses, quite striking with her midnight black hair and bangs . . . those swish, unique dresses. A philosophic thinker . . . the owner of an envied accent . . . our Hotshot, conqueror of the ivory and black keys.



• Paul Licht

The perpetual Mass. Art student, Paul spends his weekdays bouncing through the halls of M. S. A.—or maybe it's the halls that bounce . . . result of his weekends in New York?

• Robert Filbin

Tall, dignified, our musically minded art student. Bob's personality is hard to define, but it is there in spurts of wisdom on teaching and housekeeping.



The processes, both mental and physical, that accompany the creation of a painting often are very trying for the person involved. I speak from first-hand contact with the situation, since I have often and still do try to create with brush, and paint, and sand, and knives, and rags, and old sticks. My procedure in this task has somehow fallen into a set pattern; perhaps I should call it a natural order. First I prepare the canvas or board to work on. I find this a purely mechanical process and so manage to do a pretty sloppy job. Next step is to make the necessary patches so that I can be reasonably sure that the surface I have chosen to work on will endure at least until I can finish a painting on it.

tI tenderly place this pure white canvas on my easel, an extremely frightening sight, and proceed to wait to be inspired. Something always happens before five minutes pass, though all that does, I am afraid, can not be referred to as inspiration. At least it starts paint flying in the general direction of the easel. My audience, held at the point of my palette knife, will hear that this is general evidence of emoting on my part. This kind of exercise can go on for from three to ten hours depending on when I get hungry.

TIt is then that time is taken to look at what I have done. The correct procedure is to step back from the painting—six feet will usually do. I, however, when trying to evaluate my own work at this stage, prefer moving back twenty or twenty-five feet. Then I almost always sit down.

t... After the initial shock has been absorbed and enough strength is regained, to appease my sense of the dramatic, I hurl the painting to the floor and go out to lose myself in the depths of a chocolate ice-cream soda.

TReturning, I find that my wife, for lack of a large enough waste-basket, has set my work of art back on the easel in order that she may walk safely through the room. At this second look, after my soul has been satisfied by drink, I can see things in the painting that seem worthy of perpetuating. Must be this is what people refer to when they speak of the artist's imagination. So with a few carefully chosen slashing strokes, I deftly bring forth the latent qualities of the picture and think, "Berger, you're on the way."

tAnd so to bed, content at last that I have created something worthwhile and enduring. I rest reasonably certain that my name will replace Rembrandt's, when in the future, art students study the great masters. In the cold clear light of dawn, however, I am faced with the naked ruthless truth, and all I can say or feel is the very unoriginal and all inclusive "Oh, well." I quote.

TThe processes both mental and physical that accompany the creation of a painting often are very trying for the person involved. My procedure has fallen into a set pattern. First I prepare the canvas...



Florinda Conforti

T



Helen Hatzilambrou

z

T

David Berger

SOUTHERN SUMMER

Heat lightning flashes across a sultry sky
And summer has come to the southland.
Summer . . .
The morning sun comes up like fire
And burns a pathway through the sky.
The grass withers . . . the trees droop . . .
And every living thing becomes dry:
Human bodies, human minds . . .
Dry as dust.

Comes a wind from the gulf . . .
The corn rattles like old bones . . .
The sugar cane sighs . . .
A green tidal wave . . . moving,
Yet immovable.
The farmer looks towards the sky
For a dark cloud,
Hopefully . . .
But no sign.
The wind blows on;
One day . . . two days . . . three days . . .
And on . . .
Until one begins to curse the wind,
Wish that it had never come.

If we don't have rain
We can't save the corn . . .
If we don't have rain
There won't be much sugar this year . . .
If we don't have rain . . .
The mournful dirge begins.

When suddenly as it has come
The sighing wind dies . . .
And an ominous blackness
Spreads out over the sky
Blotting out the sun.
All eyes lift skyward
Expectantly . . .
And then . . . the rain begins to fall;
At first gently . . . then faster, faster,
faster,
Until the air is silver.
The earth greedily devours the droplets
As they fall,
And as if nurtured by the rain
Human hearts and minds are filled
With an overflowing joyousness.

Robert Filbin

JUNE TEMPEST

Icy blu-white hills
Blend along the horizon.
Leaves of near-by trees
Slip into a coat of lacquer
As myriads of perpendicular silver
threads
Enclose them.

A hint of thunder in his blu-grey
cloak
Slinks along the western horizon
While lightning lures him on,
Subtly fluttering her eyelids
Or accenting the negative land-
scape
With startling, angular movements
Wading to the climax of the
summer love.

Barbara Ann Chase



David Berger



David Berger

MUSINGS ON A RAINY DAY

Trees
Clothed only in cellophane
Have no motion
As if Time had stopped breathing
While thin, transparent rain drops
Come from nowhere to nowhere
In great speed
Trying to get ahead of Time.

Barbara Ann Chase





Through Kenmore and two years at M.S.A. we arrive at the station bestowed on us by tradition as "Dignified Juniors". Since tradition is to be respected but not necessarily followed, we must confess we are not — ah — "Dignified". We are — contrast! — individuals, theatricalists, philosophers, appreciators, specialists, and jazz fiends.

These qualities were gained by perseverance and spirit during the years just left. The experience of being in our school while it scrambled back on its feet after the toss the war gave, can never be overshadowed or forgotten — we are grateful . . .

Our future is our fortune! Look at the opportunities: fields opened by war-time science — reconstruction possibilities, — contributing in the peace and security we hope will come — and Bless Us! the Veterans . . .

It's no wonder we are not dignified.

ELEANOR PHILLIPS

We, the juniors



class of 47.



President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer

Helene Rones
Eleanor Davis
Alice Coolidge
Anne Coggin

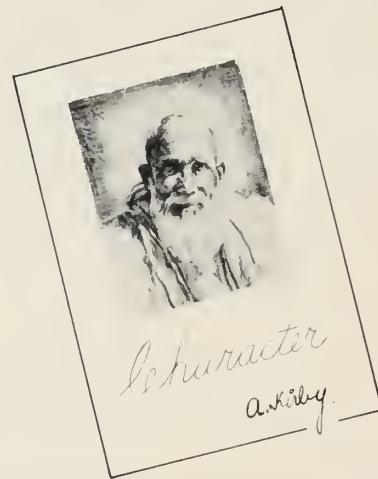
...three to



H. Morris



BIGNESS



Character
Artiby.



H. RONES



Scha

make ready



Lydia Breen



J. Graham



Van Doren



Sophomore

In the rosy light of last year's attitudes, our Sophomore year was to have been an experience through which we would become veritable paragons of sophistication and worldly glamour, suddenly imbued with great amounts of *savoir faire*. Our ideas would be the newest, our vision the greatest, and our conversation the deepest: we were soon to be the grand masters of life and art.

And now, the year has come and has nearly gone, and we are chastened. Whatever bit of finish we and our work have acquired is but the natural result of a year's practice, for we have found little time for superficialities. To our surprise, we have discovered that success is constituted by a great deal more than a theory, and an idea by more than a thought. We began to see our values, literal and figurative, in a clearer light, with more attention to the subtler relationships.

We knew, too, that this was our year of decision —our time to make the stroke a little bolder. To teach, to design, or to paint was the question of the moment. We worried a little, and thought a little, investigated a little, and changed our minds a little. We did what we considered right, and now we can only hope a little. So we have done for two of our years, and so we shall do for the two remaining—our best, and then a bit of hoping. We have come to the crossroads: what we make or do now is in our own hands.

Dorothy Weafer



Class



President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer

Vincent Sinclair
John Robinson
Aldora Roach
Donna Brown

••THIS 'N



FATE

Fate!
I hate
Those who say
It is decree
That we
Should have come
This way.

I do not agree!
'Tis blasphemy
To deny that power
God given to me
For good or ill
This hour.

Marion Dowling



William Mayne



Joseph Lancia

THAT...

ULLABY

Sleep my sweet
And I shall keep
My arms about you
Deep dark— of night.

Dream my dear
And you shall hear
The angels whisper
In your ear
Sweet words— to-night.

Smile my child
And so my arms
Shall keep your dreams
From any harm
Or hurt— this night.

Slumber on
And with the dawn
You shall forget
That dreams are gone
So soon— with night.

Sleep my sweet
And I shall weep
That soon you'll find
I cannot keep
You safe— at night.



Donna Brown



George W. Lane

Marion Dowling

freshman



facts...



President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer

Donald Smith
Natalie Gallagher
Mary Cooper
Nancy Cornelius

Freshman



4. Hammond

Bill Deeg

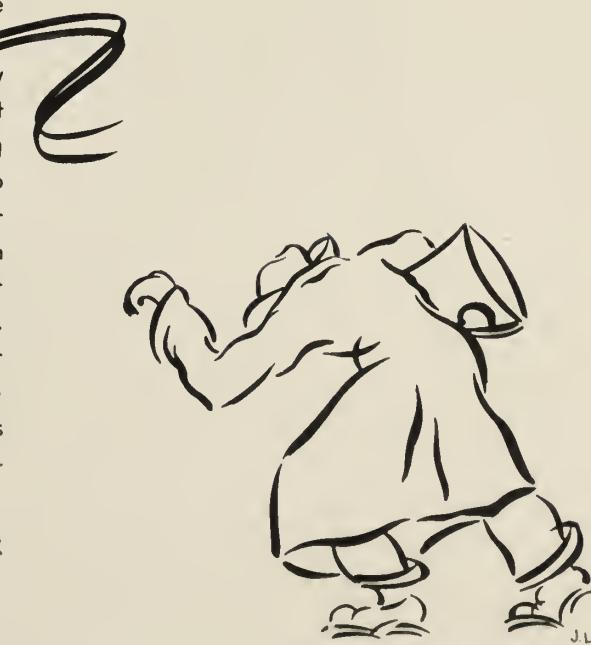
W a r k



It all started that day, now so long past, when hoards of high school seniors tramped through the hallowed halls of Massachusetts' famous art school. We were greeted and told that this day might be the beginning of a wonderful career. Although all who were here that day are not here now, those of us who made it are truly grateful for that blessing.

Our first impression left us rather bewildered for we found so many new people and new things . . . new ways of traveling . . . and all that homework! It took us a few weeks to get used to it. After the harrowing experiences of freshman week were over, however, we settled down to becoming a studious and talented class. We outnumbered all the other classes, even at the beginning of the year, and, since there is safety in numbers, we held our own. Gradually our numbers have increased. First a handful, then more and more veterans came to join us in our struggles. They have, as everyone knows, added a great deal to the success of our work, and they have proven that we really needed them all along. We all think it is grand to have them here. Since we are almost Sophomores now, we can look back and smile at those first weeks here, and think — pity the poor children who will enter M.S.A. next semester!

MARY COOPER





The Giraffe
spotted yellowly
nods good fellowly
to me.

... And yet it must
be fun at that
to have a blue jay in your hat!

The Ostrich feathered
Becomes quite weathered
Just stretching his neck.
I wish he would find in the
sand
A Remington Rand
Or a rubber band
—for me.

... the Rino
Has quite a shino
a thud
he's in the mud.
Gertrude Wade



Something new and different was added in February of 1946 to M. S. A.'s student body; Veterans of World War II. There were those fortunate enough to step right back into their original courses starting where they left off several years ago. The special course for Vets, however, is an innovation created for those having had no previous training, or who, although returners, could not enter their old course in mid-year.

It is an interesting and varied program enabling us to gain the "feel" of the mediums, and our subjects include oil painting, water color, modeling, design and color study.

We are taking advantage of the G. I. Bill of Rights for various reasons. For some of the older Vets, it is the chance of a life time for that dream to come true. Others of us "found" ourselves in the army, and with it came the urgent desire for further education. For all of us it is a thrill to be free to follow our urges once again. We have all learned the value of education and in a spirit of "they shall not have died in vain" we are the living — carrying on.

LOUIS CALNEK



gordon l. reynolds
• president •

In April of 1943 President Reynolds took a leave of absence in order to work overseas with the Red Cross. He served with the American Red Cross as Club Director attached to Services to the Armed Forces, and later as Field Representative for Civilian War Relief attached to Allied Military Government. He returned to us in November 1945.

Since then his unfailing diligence and attention to every possible opportunity that might advance the school have cheered our prospects greatly. Welcome back, Mr. Reynolds.

mary edna murray
dean

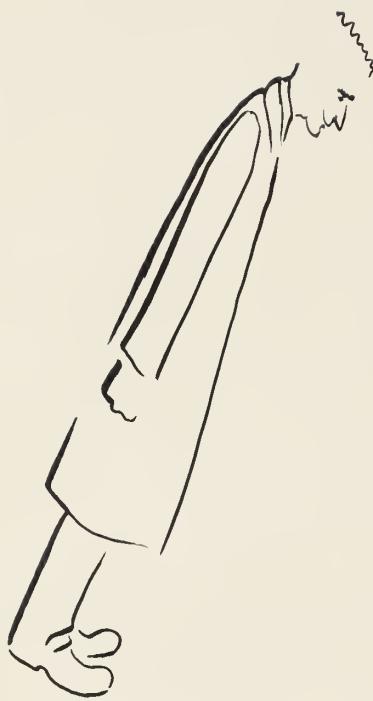


In those first confused days when school life lacked a little in coherency, Miss Murray's interpretations of the problem of orientation set the mark.

Highly-geared efficiency, precision planning and a natural bent for organization made smooth the way for our school activities.

Dean Murray's educational background was founded at Radcliffe and Harvard. She has served as Dean at Cambridge High and Latin Schools, as member of the Board of Examiners for College Entrance and of the Massachusetts Advisory Board of Education.

Mainly Characteristic



- Mr. Allen
Confidential talks with philosophical overtones, psychological undertones . . . Chinese art, ancient . . . plastic design, modern . . . shrewd business man and progressive teacher.



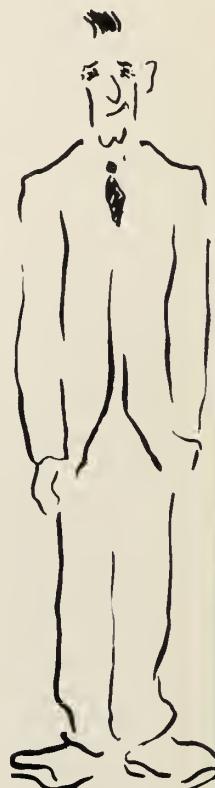
- Mr. Kupferman
Psychology firmly applied is Mr. Kupferman's Leitmotif. As far as the class is concerned, the responses to this are varied, but the commonest is, "I didn't know I had that in me!"

- Mr. Cain
Exponent of the laws of perspective . . . lines, vanishing points and tracing paper . . . always most courteous and considerate.



- Mr. Thompson
"Tommie's" rectangular wrinkles crease brow and temples in receding waves. Is it hope, despair or just plain bemusement that leaves his forehead corrugated?

- Mr. Brown
With sly humor and in the most practical way, Mr. Brown points out our architectonic weaknesses and broadens our appreciation of Architecture.



- Mr. Hoadley

Good humored . . . an authority on dynamic symmetry . . . magician extraordinary . . . Mr. Hoadley has an inexhaustible fund of information on every conceivable subject.

- Miss Nye

A woman of MUCH atomic energy, she struggles to guide the "right kind" of art education for the too near future.

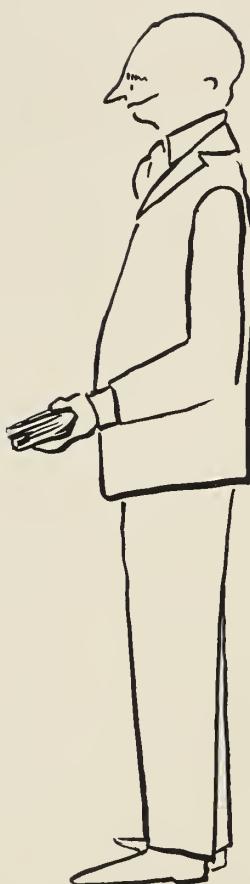


- Mr. Jones

"Life is strange," Jeremy said.
"As compared to what?" said the spider.

- Miss Munsterberg

In "The Summing Up" by Somerset Maugham there is a sentence that begins to express a feeling close to Miss Munsterberg's heart. "Tradition is a guide and not a jailer."



- Mr. Gavin

For judicious discussion and a reasonable approach Mr. Gavin is the man. Then, too, he has a nice, fresh sense of humor and the power to express it.

- Dr. Savides

Who, great or small, has not been asked one of his searching questions?





• Miss Phillips

Master of all crafts and pottery—
with all those different kinds of
clay . . . Miss Phillips, herself, be-
ing a porcelain figurine.

• Mr. Porter

His opinions are cast in the finest
bronze . . . full bodied, brown,
strong, enduring and just as
mutable.

• Mr. O'Donnell

A remarkable figure, he wields his
wit with a flourish — outrageous
criticisms heavy with satire and
literary allusion.

• Miss Kendrick

Brilliant personality . . . dévotee
of Bach . . . another recent ad-
dition to the faculty.

• Mr. Philbrick

The unanimous opinion of those
who have begun to know him ap-
pears on our Dedication page.

• Mrs. Whittet

Our patient librarian, ever ready
with deft first-aid for faints and
feints, and cut fingers and sundry
problems. "O fiddle-dee-dee."



• Mrs. Green

Smartly dressed newcomer . . . constantly exhorting us to "dress" for class . . . relater of weekly bulletins from the fashion world.



• Miss Lennon

Ever vivacious and enthusiastic . . . working under her direction puts new sparkle and incentive into your art-life.

• Mr. Demetropolis

Efficient as an I.B.M. product yet tolerant of human failings peculiar to Art students.

• Miss Sheehan

There is a good rate of interest on the exchange between English and Art. We have something to share.

• Mr. Corsini

Blessed, or at least backed by a storeroom stocked like "The Old Curiosity Shop" with bottles, ducks and an odd squash or two . . . Mr. Corsini whiles away bleak winter hours setting up still-lifes so we can break them down again.



S.A.



STUDENT ASSOCIATION
OFFICERS

President	Barbara Chase
Vice-President	Vincent Veneziano
Secretary	Terry McCabe
Treasurer	Janet Bird
Chairman of Finance	Jean Brooks



activities



acknowledgements

To Mr. Thompson for his practical knowledge that culled a yearbook out of our ideas and for his wisdom that showed us how, without ever letting us lean too much.

To Mr. O'Donnell for his taste and connoisseurship that kept us away from the unimaginative and the unsound.

To Mr. Philbrick for his kindness and cooperation and for his inspiration.

To Miss Sheehan for her guiding rein on literary matters.

To Nancy Noyes and Rosamond Strong for aiding and abetting the Year Book Staff.

To Andy Paquette, Life-Saver of the Year Book Staff.

To all the classes and all the students because so many have contributed in some way to the making of this book.

We have tried to make an annual that would mean something not only to the seniors, but to every individual here at M. S. A. We have tried to make a book that would interest everybody from the greenest freshman to the most exacting graduate—who expects a lot of His Class Yearbook.

This has been one of our first actual, and certainly our most tangible, creative ventures. It is a good feeling to create something that will be used today and looked back on tomorrow. We hope that those who see this book will feel the same pleasure we have felt in creating it.



May Stevens Editor. Nancy McKenna Art. Lydia Mongan Literary. Jean Brooks Publicity.



REMBRANDT COLORS



TALENS & SON

850 FRELINGHUYSEN AVE. NEWARK, N.J.

ARTISTS SUPPLIES
DRAWING MATERIALS



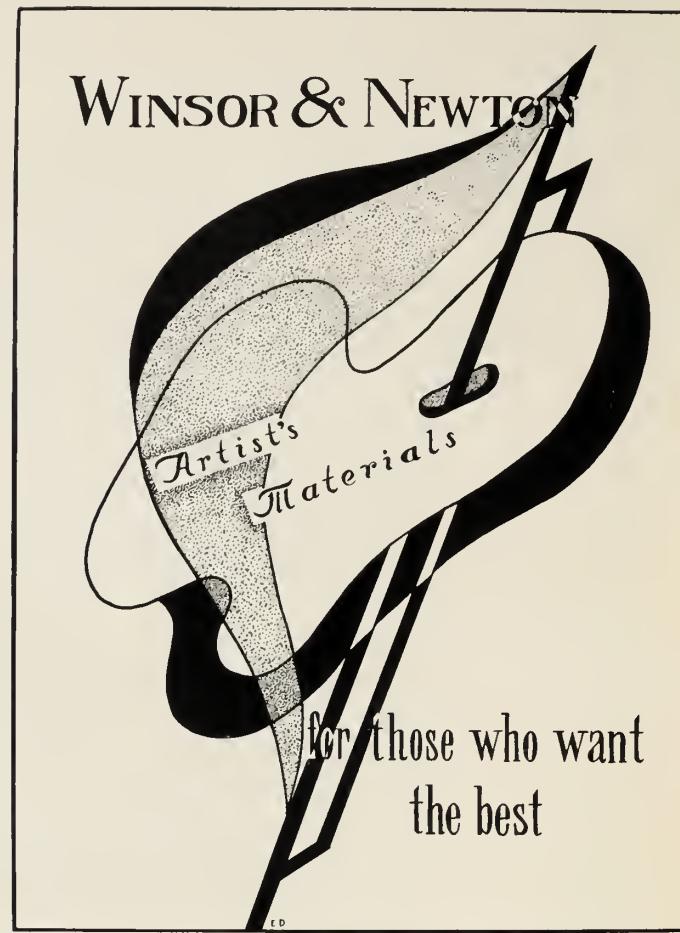
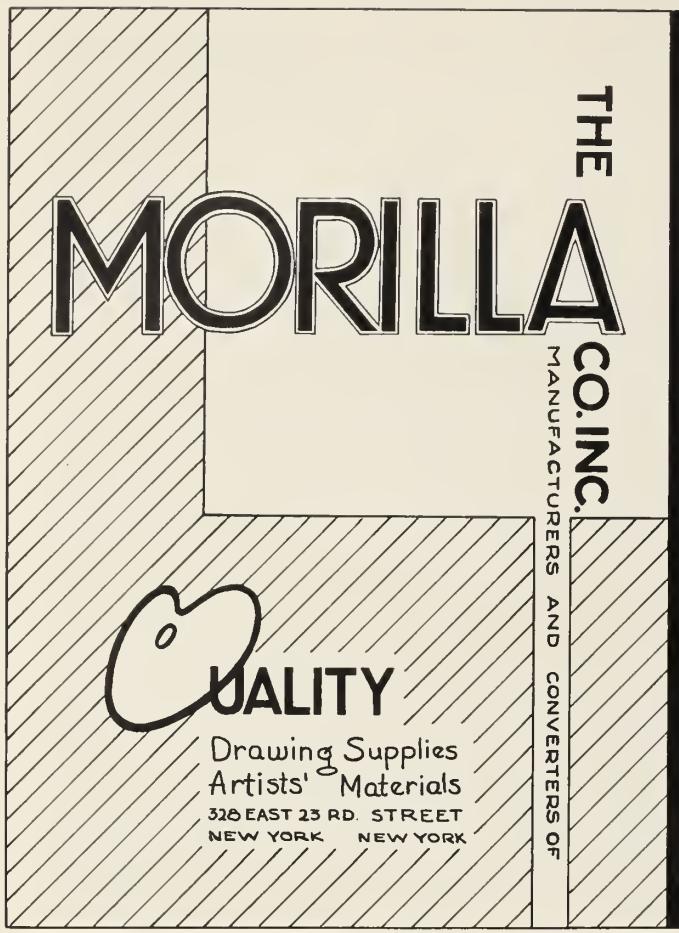
SPALDING-MOSS CO.
42 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON 10, MASS.

B.L. MAKEPEACE, Inc.

Complete line of artist materials

two stores
462 Boylston St. Boston
10 Bromfield St. Boston
offices at 387 Washington St. Boston

Agents of F. Weber Co.
Famous Materials



STUART ART GALLERY

prints
paintings



reproductions
picture framing

455 STUART STREET, BOSTON

MW

EMILE BERNAT AND SONS COMPANY



99 BICKFORD ST. JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

GEORGE SMITH
Artists' Materials



• 35 HIGH STREET • BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS • PHONE LIBERTY 2607 •

we specialize in fashion
and commercial art materials



ROYAL RUBBER CEMENT • FLEX-O-TATE • DRAFTING MATERIALS • SIGN WRITERS' SUPPLIES
PICTURE FRAMING • ZIP-A-TONE • CONTAK SHADING FILM • CRAFTINT DOUBLE-TONE BOARD

art
psychology
associates, inc.



SILK SCREEN Airbrush



E.J. Ardon
108 HUNTINGTON AVE.

Civil Engineer

Surveyor

everett m. brooks











